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importers, merchants, manufacturers, and real-estate owners."

Such being the alleged condition of the Museum, in spite of all defects, we are next told that the people have known how to value the advantages offered them, and have proved their appreciation by flocking to the Museum in such numbers as to remember would dizzy the arithmetic of memory. In the report for May, 1879, we read that the number of visitors to the Museum during the year then ended was 29,932, of whom 26,137, were free visitors, and 3,795 paid for admission. In the report for May, 1880, we have only the number of visitors given for the thirty-seven days from the date of re-opening the Museum in the new building, April 1st, to May 9th, the day on which the report left the printer. The figures given for these thirty-seven days are 206,871, against 29,932 for the entire year previous when the Museum was in Fourteenth Street. The public swallowed this gratifying report with such complacency, it is no wonder it was thought right they should be rewarded with something still better. And, in fact, the report for May, 1881, assures us with pride that during the last thirteen months the attendance has been 1,200,373!

On what do the trustees found these impossible numbers? There is no machinery for keeping the tally—no turn-stile, no tickets (except, of late, on pay-days), no porters, other than the unruly boys with rough manners whose conduct has been so fruitful a source of complaint, particularly from ladies. The numbering, even supposing it to be taken at all, must be the merest guess-work, and now that the man who invented the system has given us the key to the cipher there is no longer any mystery about it. This man is really a wonderful fellow, as ingenious in combinations and as quick in invention as the director himself; he can make up an imposing daily report of figures out of a paltry dozen or so of visitors as adroitly as Di Cesnola himself can piece a "Bearded Venus" or an "Egyptian" statue out of a basketful of odds and ends of heads, feet, and shoulders, that never met in one body before. And yet he is a mere ignorant policeman, with only a heaven-taught skill in these numerical combinations:

"He lisped in numbers, for the numbers came;"

and, according to his own account, he became more and more skilful as he saw that the increasing weekly list (made up out of whole cloth) gave increased pleasure to the Director.

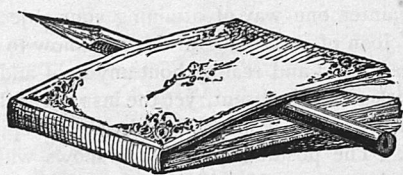
But, really, there was no need of calling up this informant, the facts spoke for themselves; and long before he had told what he knew, the untruthfulness of these astounding reports had become matter of private scandal. For a long time back several gentlemen in this city have been amusing themselves and their friends by applying all sorts of tests to the figures; calculating how many persons must have been standing on the threshold of the Museum every minute in the day; proving that, if these figures were true, every showcase in the galleries, upstairs and down, would have a row of spectators three deep ranged along the front of it all day; that if only every third visitor surrendered his cane or umbrella, parasol, and satchel, there would be no room for stacking them up, and it would require a force of several men to look after the checks. In fact, the returns cannot stand the least common-sense investigation; the numbers given are simply impossible; they only make the management of the Museum ridiculous; and perhaps no better comment on their fraudulent character is needed than the fact that as soon as *The Times* newspaper turned the light of its lantern upon these impudent numbers, they began to shrink, and under the fear of exposure they are growing small by degrees and every day beautifully less.

This is ridiculous enough, and one would think that men of the character of the trustees would wince under the exposure, and come out manfully and express their regret at having been so deceived themselves and at having been made tools of by their agents to deceive the public. But, no! they prefer to pose as injured innocents, and to stand on their dignity and sulk in silence. They behave about this charge as they do about Mr. Feuardent's charges. Unable to meet him with arguments two of the trustees run about town belaboring whoever has nothing better to do than to listen to them with arguments to prove that Mr. Feuardent's cards are forgeries. Another, who ought to know better, plies a fellow-trustee with arguments to show that in Card

No. 1 the two artotypes are taken, not from the same figure, but from two different ones. Yet even the *American Art Review*, which makes no admissions in Mr. Feuardent's favor without the greatest reluctance, says (May, 1881, p. 38), "if the attempt has really been made to discredit Mr. Feuardent's photograph as a forgery, the best friends of the Museum will grieve the most at such a false step." Yet, unless I am greatly misinformed, and I do not believe I am, this is exactly what Mr. J. Q. A. Ward is persistently doing at this very day; what Mr. Savage himself confessed to me he had himself done down to a very late hour, and what Mr. Robt. Hoe, Jr., is also doing as obstinately now as he did in the beginning.

So with the charge of publishing false returns of visitors. This charge has been publicly made, and it would certainly seem to require a public answer. But all that has been done by the trustees officially is to slowly reduce the numbers in their weekly reports, hoping to get down to a common-sense basis without being discovered by the public; and the only personal notice taken by them of the charge has been the visit of the two members of the board who have been most vicious in their defence of the Director, to one of the newspapers that has stood all along for a fair and open investigation, upon whose proprietor they urged a policy of silence as to these charges. They were assured that the newspaper in question was actuated in its course by no malice, and had only the good of the Museum at heart; that it had published only fact, and dealt only in arguments, and that if these gentlemen had anything to say in rebuttal of the charges made, the columns of the newspaper were open to them as freely as to the other side or that, if they wished to talk to a reporter, one should be sent to them. When their complaints and appeals for silence were met in this manly and open fashion, what did these trustees do? They declined either to print anything over their own names, or talk to a reporter. We may therefore dismiss the charges of false returns as confessed, and I have already shown the reason why these false returns were made. In another paper I shall proceed to show the absurdity of the claim set up by the trustees that the Museum is playing an important part in the development of the industrial arts among us. This claim has as little basis of truth as the report of a large attendance. The reason why so few artists and artisans do really go to the Museum to study is that there is but little for them to study when they get there.

CLARENCE COOK.



My Note Book.



GENERAL DI CESNOLA has betaken himself to Europe on "important business" for the Museum. A day or two before his departure suit was brought against him by Mr. Feuardent for defamation of character. It is possible that the worthy Director may find some plausible reason for not returning to this country, but in any event it is much to be hoped that the questions raised in the Di Cesnola-Feuardent controversy may be thoroughly sifted and settled before an impartial legal tribunal.

THE art lovers of Paris revelled recently in the Léopold Double sale of pictures, books, porcelain, rare furniture, and bric-à-brac of all sorts. M. Double, a highly polished gentleman with five centuries of noble ancestors and a long purse, spent fifty years in filling fourteen salons with five million francs' worth of art treasures. The times of Louis Quatorze, Quinze, and Seize specially attracted him, and his collections overflowed with souvenirs of these luxurious monarchs and their pleasure-loving courts. He was specially devoted to the Queen of Louis XVI., and was facetiously called

"Marie Antoinette's lover," one of his rooms being completely furnished, at great cost, with objects that had belonged to her. Its treasures included her bureau, her reclining-chair in rose satin, her lace coffer in Levantine morocco, a mahogany table, a diamond-encrusted clock, books, bronzes, porcelain, and Gobelins tapestries, besides the Dauphin's secretary and textbooks and his little arm-chair in sky-blue satin.

ANOTHER of M. Double's enchanted rooms was consecrated to a queen of the opera, Mdle. Duthé. "Its wainscoting, covered with amorous emblems, doves, quivers, roses, myosotis, the customary attributes of Cupid; the alcove, surrounded by mirrors; the mantel-piece of deep blue marble, with chasings of copper gilt executed by Gouthières; the furniture of white silk, with bouquets of roses, all was carried intact from the Chaussée d'Antin to the hotel of M. Double. The tongs 'fleurdelisées' reveal the name of the son of the gods who threw a shower of gold on this Danaë." It was the young Comte d'Artois, afterward Charles X., whom the lucky Mdle. Duthé bewitched into such ecstasies of decoration and furniture.

THE Sèvres possessed by M. Double included some extraordinarily fine pieces, among others the famous Louis XV. set, decorated with birds, which Buffon called his "Sèvres edition," and a pair of vases in "soft rose paste" representing the battle of Fontenoy. These are said to be the most beautiful Sèvres vases in existence; they were sold for \$34,000, and the Buffon service brought \$19,000. Another treasure worth a moderate fortune was Falconnet's superb white marble clock, a vase surrounded by the three graces, of whom Diderot wickedly remarked: "Elles montraient tout sauf l'heure."

WHILE the proposal to open the Metropolitan Museum on Sundays for the benefit of the artisan and workingmen is severely frowned down by the most influential trustees as a violation of the sanctity of the Sabbath, it is interesting to notice that on Easter Sunday a loan exhibition was opened in Whitechapel—the lowest quarter in London—with the declared approval of the vicar, the Rev. S. A. Barnett. This sensible clergyman observed that he had heard it said that art was not gospel, and that Sunday opening was desecration; but his motives were religious: ninety-five per cent of the population of East London went to no place of worship, and it seemed to him a matter of religion to open this exhibition in order to appeal to some of these. Art could not take the place of God, but it could prepare the ground for religion, and he hoped that art exhibitions would ultimately fill all schools at holiday times.

ABOUT a year ago I suggested to our photographers that it might pay them to produce pictures to be inserted in panels for doors and cabinets. I see that this very thing has just been done in London with great success. Vernon Heath's "Glimpses of Nature in Panels," framed in dark red velvet, are described as admirable, and especially in favor for decoration of yacht cabins, where space is much restricted.

"POLITICAL POTTERY" is being revived in England. Messrs. Mortlock have lately produced a triple-handled "tyg" of brown Doulton ware, designed to commemorate the return, for the first time in the history of the county, of six Liberal members for the West Riding of Yorkshire. Political pottery would be a new thing in this country. Why should not the managers of the State elections consider its merits over those of fireworks and torchlight processions? In New Jersey, for instance, the Trenton potteries might be kept busy next fall in turning out plates and mugs with the portraits of rival candidates for office. A piece of useful political crockery would not soon be destroyed in the workman's little home. There are great possibilities in this suggestion; but if any of the political parties should act upon it and overrun the country with indestructible portraits of unworthy candidates, doubtless I shall be very sorry for having made it.

MONTEZUMA.